

DISCORDER

October 1984

Vol. 2 No. 8

NOc



SAVOY

October Hilites

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Oct. 9-13 The K.D. Lang Show

Oct. 17-18 Love Tractor (from Athens,
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DISCORDER

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Jim Main Photo

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Dear reader in CITR!

First of all I want to excuse for my English because some times I got trouble with it. I speak English just one year and that's why I got this problem. But I think everything will be OK after couple years. I write to you because I don't know who can help me. I'm 23 years old and I'm really interesting of music. I was born in Czechoslovakia and I use to live there 19 years. From age of 18 I spend my time (spere - free) with my cousine who is D.J. He showed me and tel me everythink about this job. When I was 19 I made my own Disco aparature and I started do some Discos. But it was werry hard and wery expensive becose I record over ther cost around \$20. That's why I desided left my contry and try luck somewhere else. After that I was in Austria for 1½ year and I did Disco D.J. in Disco name of White Store in Wiena. I've got there great time but many friends of mine been in Canada and I left Austria December 1982 and I came to Hamilton Ontario. There I went to school for English corse and after 6 month I start work par-time like D.J. in D.M. studio. This job was O.K. but I didn't like Hamilton because it's city of low lifes and there is many factories. And I didn't like Ontarios climat, that's why I dicided moved to B.C. I can say I low Vancouver and I want to stay here. I'm here 3 month and I always try foad way: how to be D.J. but I don't know what to do, becaus I got stron accent. That's way I want ask you may be you can help me.

Thank's
 Brano

Dear reader in CITR,
 Can we help Brano?
Write B.R.A.N.O.
 c/o Airhead
 6138 SUB Blvd., UBC
 V6T 2A5



Dear Airhead,

Since CITR has become a stereo channel, in order to listen to it I have to hold my radio's antenna, plug my headphones part-way in, and turn the tone down all the way (which also reduces the *treble*) to get rid of the hiss, which is still there anyway. On a clear day I can hear CIH with only minimal interference from KISM, my refrigerator, police walkie-talkies, and my electric clock; other days I can barely hear you at all. When you came in from the airwaves in Glorious Mono I didn't have to go through all this *crap*! I only live in downtown Kerrisdale! I hope you are planning to use some of the membership money to get some more power behind your stereo signal. It would be much better, otherwise you haven't done a thing for improvement! It's gotten worse...Yes, I'm finished now, so ciao.

Attricia

We will soon be applying to the CRTC for additional power. Our listeners can help us by writing letters, supporting our effort.

Address them to: CITR
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Greetings—

Have I been sleeping through the last couple of issues of the DISORDER? Your reviews in the August-ish were generally very good—the best being written in Vancouver these days (which, by itself, isn't saying much). Congrats.

Just one complaint, this is the twentieth century (1984 to be exact), so methinks we needn't suffer through "man's hope lies within his soul!" type of language much longer.

Mix those pronouns up a bit, eh Kevin. A little more judicious editing too, Chris.

If the buses weren't shut down, I wouldn't expend 32 cents on a stamp, but at least I've recycled the envelope.

Fraternally,
 Borden Spears

BUNKER BEAT

Last month, we invited our readers (or listeners or whatever) to picture the following catastrophic scenario:

Imagine that, through no fault of your own, you are trapped in an atomic fallout shelter with a bunch of Nice Young people. You know, the kind of people that show up in the Province's "Smile of the Day" feature. To combat these years of being trapped in this bathroom-sized bunker with these bozos, you are allowed to pick your 10 fave rave LPs of all time. Here's a sampling of some of the most interesting "Bunker Beats" so far:

1. The Clash - London Calling

This record changed my life. The finest of Clash City Rockers, guaranteed to blow away the blahs and make you feel like going out and beating up a used-car dealer. Great music from a then-great band.

2. The Jam - Setting Sons

Sorry Gordon, this one's their best. Every song here is dynamite, and, taken collectively, they form the best commentary on the tragic downfall of Britain that this UKer has ever heard, read, or seen. So there.

3. Pointed Sticks - Perfect Youth

Unquestionably the best record to ever come out of Vancouver. Bill Napier-Hemy's guitar work alone makes this a classic. Everything else is superb, too, from Nick's vocals to the wonderful sax breaks. A bargain (my copy, brand new, bought in a downtown store, cost \$1.37) plus great cover art from the Brainer, Jim Cummins.

4. Any record by Jonathan Richman

Man cannot live without J.R. Anything of his would suffice, but, if pressed, I would opt for **Back In Your Life** or **Jonathan Sings!** Anyone who sings, "If I were a shopping centre, I'd sure be embarrassed / I'd never get a date with some cute little building, like, from Paris," is a man of great wisdom. This man holds the key to life, the universe, and everything.

5. The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy & The Restaurant At The End Of The Universe

This is cheating, as they are actually two separate albums, but they *should* be one. Vitally important for the survival of mankind, as the Vogons may show up at any moment.

6. The Specials

Even in a bunker, I'm gonna want to dance. This is the first and the best of the ska revivalists. The cover of "Monkey Man" is particularly outstanding, besides, how you gonna do the dog without the music, eh?

7. Peter Gabriel (1980 LP)

This is the melting face cover and it's Gabriel's finest. The supporting cast is excellent (Paul Weller, Kate Bush, Robert Fripp, Dave Gregory, Tony Levin, Larry Fast, and others). Brooding excellence from one of the most intense musicians around.

8. Stars Wars Soundtrack

Cinematic symphonic bombast at its finest. The cantina band is here, so's the main titles, and you can relive the attack on the Death Star. Pretend you're thirteen again. Blammo.

T. HENRY



Kapow. Zowie. What more can you ask for?

9. Gang of Four - Entertainment

One of the great debuts, along with The Clash and Violent Femmes. A raw, tortured sound, trendy politics, and one of the finest pieces of feedback recorded this side of the Velvet Underground. Question: How did Andy and Jon go from here to "Is It Love?" Requiem in pace, GOF.

10. Elvis Costello - This Years Model

Even in a thousand years, men will still say, "This was his finest hour" (or his finest 33 minutes and 11 seconds, anyway). Elvis at his musical and lyrical best. If this record leaves you cold, you walk on four legs, have a tail, and wear scales. My nominee for the record of the century.

Honourable Mention (i.e. almost but not quite) Sandinista! - The Clash: The Clash variety show.

Hallowed Ground - Violent Femmes: Gordon Gano for President.

Sundown - Rank and File: This is country music.

View From The Bottom - The Modernettes: "The Rebel Kind" is a classic.

Mister Heartbreak - Laurie Anderson: Best avant-garde record in existence.

A Tonic For The Troups - The Boomtown Rats: Do you love Eva Braun?

The Planets - Gustav Holst: Classic classical.
Triumph Of The Ignoroids - DOA: Only record whose cover bears Maggie's beaver.

There they are, hope you like 'em (if you don't, well, fuck you).

Yours in verbiage,
Ford Prefect

P.S. My tape deck is glowing green. Where's the bunker?

Dear CITR,

Here's my suggestion for a Bunker Beat Top 10.

1. Bela Bartok - Mikrokosmos
2. Glenn Gould - Preludes, Fugues and Fuguettes by J.S. Bach
3. Mahavishnu Orchestra - Birds of Fire
4. Miles Davis - Bitches Brew
5. Ten Years of Jazz 1949-1959 - A Blue Note
6. John Coltrane/Johnny Hartman - Live (I don't have this album so my title is not quite

right.)

7. Mott the Hoople - Mott

8. Frank Zappa - Hot Rats

9. Thelonus Monk - Criss Cross (w/Milt Jackson)

10. Ravi Shankar - Live at the Monterey Pop Festival

The raving Jazz fan,
Brent Cooper

Hmmm, choose ten records with which to while away fifteen years in a hole in the ground ...that's not even one record per year, Jesus... I mean what do you do? Do you pick records that happen to be current fave raves or do you pick the old chestnuts that you've liked for years? It's a bit like being told "You've got 24 hours to live. What are you going to do with them?" Well maybe not, anyway...

Joy Division - Unknown Pleasures. Well, with approximately 5,500 days and nights in the offing I figure that there's going to be a few when I'll be feeling a bit depressed and there's nothing like Joy Division to get the best out of a good depression.

The Stranglers - Rattus Norvegicus. The Stranglers at their loudest, dirtiest and best. I can quite happily turn the volume up full blast, with lots of bass, safe in the knowledge that neither the neighbours nor the police are going to come knocking on my bunker-door telling me to keep the noise down.

Wire - Pink Flag. Wire never learnt how to make a bad album, so any one would have done really, but I think this one just about beats the other two. I can't live without this LP now, so how could I possibly live without it post-nuclear holocaust?

The Abyssinians - Forward Onto Zion. So I'm down to the last gram of hash that I swiped off some Rasta who was more concerned about his hair falling out in all the commotion of the 4-minute warning. So to enjoy it to the fullest I've got to have a reggae album, and although this isn't exactly roots it's my favourite reggae disc of all time bar none.

Ella Fitzgerald & Louis Armstrong - Ella And Louis. Dinner is cooking nicely, the radio-active glow that was once Vancouver is looking particularly breath-taking tonight, the scatter cushions

more Bunker Beat p. 6

More Bunker

have just come back from the cleaners and Ella and Louis is on the turntable...now I'm sure I told her to be here at about 8:00.

Gang Of Four - Entertainment. This album is a classic, every track is pure gold and an absolute must post- or pre-bomb. And it's practical. If I play "Anthrax" at 45 r.p.m. the intro will kill 99% of all the cockroaches that are rapidly taking over my pogoing space.

The Ruts - Grin And Bear It. Talking of pogoing, I had to lower the floor of my bunker another two feet so as to minimize the chances of severe head injury while bouncing to such gem's as "West One (Shine on me)," "Babylon's Burning" and "In a Rut." But what do you do with 500 cubic feet of good top-soil in a post-nuclear

attack society?

Brian Eno - Before And After Science. Brian Eno had lost his hair before we all got fall-out but he was still able to write this album of essential music. Somebody told me he was in a lift when the big bang came and is still trapped there having to listen to a tape-loop of Jon and Vangelis. And I though I had it bad.

Talking Heads - 77. Their first album and before David Byrne became too clever for our own good. I can hum along with "Psycho-killer" while dusting the portrait's of Ronnie and Maggie on my wall and I like listening to "Don't worry... About the Government" while thumbing through one of those "I-Told-You-So" pamphlets that the Jehovah's Witnesses are always pushing underneath my bunker door.

Linton Kwesi Johnson - Forces of Victory.

While pondering the demise of the Nuclear Family in the Atomic Decade and it's metamorphosis into the Nuked Family in the Atomic Decay I can slap on this enormously fine record and remember the days when racism, discrimination and fascism seemed more important.

—Enola Gay

If you already have all your hippest discs picked out for post-atomic pleasure, send your Bunker Beat" submissions to:

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—Dr. Strangelove

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M.I.A.



Bits of Black Tape finds the pride of Vegas punk



Bev Davies Photo



"...it's like screaming at a wall...it won't fall down but you can let them know you are aware and that you won't be pushed too far, and I think that's what we are doing with our music."

You know when you have one of those days when NOTHING goes right? Or an event goes awry even amidst best laid schemes? My experience with MIA started out like that—total disaster. I almost missed them. I couldn't buy their record *Murder in a Foreign Place* anywhere in town. And the night of the gig I couldn't get into the Buddha to even interview them, let alone see them perform.

I was not feeling good. I mean, there it was almost midnight and I was on a Hastings Street corner in the pouring rain, trying to get all of my 28 years into a club to hear the first band that's excited me in a long, long time...Somehow, by luck of the long wait outside and some fast talking with the guy at the door, I managed to get in.

Just in time to hear a blistering, slamming set by MIA—a foursome from Los Angeles.

Remember last month when I wrote here that these guys would be good live? I lied. They were fucking great.

The day after the gig, and the afternoon after some post-gig partying, MIA showed up at the CTR studios, ready to talk and looking for a good place to eat. MIA is the first 'punk' band to break out of Las Vegas. Discovered several years ago by Jello Biafra of the Dead Kennedys, MIA is one of a growing number of "born in Las Vegas" bands, including Subterfuge and SA. MIA is now based in Los Angeles, but still calls Vegas home. Las Vegas isn't the only Nevada town with an active subculture.

Mike Conley (vocals): Reno's really happening. DOA's been playing there for years.

Larry Pearson (drums): Reno's great, they've got all kinds of bands. 7 Seconds has been playing there for years.

BOBT: It's not the place you think of. I mean, when you think of Reno and Las Vegas, you think of Wayne Newton and bingo tours. Where do punk bands come from in a place like that?

Nick Adams (guitar): Well, it's great because in those kinds of towns

it was wild, thrashing and all kinds of kids showed up.
Mike: It was a real good attitude.

MIA is not well known up here, or at least weren't until their Vancouver gig on September 10. Their show here was their first time in the city, and was one of their last dates in a two month tour that had taken them from L.A., across the south, up the coast and across Canada. Being unknowns is the usual story for the band—as is the reaction that follows their gigs.

Mike: Most of the people haven't heard of us but they're taking a risk and that's good, because I hate to see any negativity towards new bands. Normally when we're finished playing we sell a lot of our the age to have any kind of fun is 21, and the youth really has a hard time. I mean, if you don't have a lot of money to play pin-ball there's not much you can do... The whole entertainment industry's geared around older people and people who have a lot of money so, that's how punk flourishes there...

Paul Schwartz (bass): A lot of people can't imagine Las Vegas as being a regular city, they just think it's casinos. It's just like every scene, it's the kids and the middle class working people and people off the street.

Mike: It's funny, a lot of scenes don't seem like there'd be anyone there, but a lot of the small towns we've played, we've had a bigger attendance than some of the big cities.

Larry: ...plus they're smaller and they appreciate the bands more.

Paul: We went through New York City and we couldn't get a gig there, and then we went through a place like Muskegon, Michigan and

more MIA p. 9

"Origin of the Species"

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More MIA

T-shirts and records. We sold all our T-shirts in the first four gigs, so now we're going home to hopefully make another record and do some more T-shirts (laughs).

Murder in a Foreign Place is MIA's first major release on Alternative Tentacles Records. But the band has more music...

Paul: We're on another record that we share. We're on the B side of an album called *Last Rites for MIA and Genocide* on Smoke 7 Records. You don't see it around too much. It's old.

Mike: Around 1980. It was a demo tape, actually, and the band broke up for a while due to some personal things. The tape was sent around to a few places and they decided to put it on a few compilations. We have a song on the American Youth Report compilation, also on the Not So Quiet on the Western Front album, this new Half Skull EP 7 inch with four bands and one other compilation.

BOBT: And the album we have here is *Murder in a Foreign Place*, on Alternative Tentacles. How did you get connected with them?

Nick: Jello 'discovered' us in Las Vegas.

Mike: We played a show in Las Vegas and he really dug us and came up to us after the show and (laughs) said "Hey, I like your band, do you want to be on our label?" and we said, "of course, yes."

BOBT: Do you see your music as a political motivator, as a way of getting people to act?

Nick: We use our music to express how we feel about certain things going on around us...it's kind of an art form, trying to express a truth and so, you know we just try to point things out that are happening in the world, to define them in a certain way.

Mike: A lot of bands tend to dwell on certain topics and it's like screaming at a wall...it won't fall down but you can let them know you are aware and that you won't be pushed too far, and I think that's what we are doing with our music. It's kind of like a standoff... One thing I like about this city is the graffiti (yeah)...it's intelligent

...it's protesting... I like that...

BOBT: As a listener I know it's very comforting to put on a record and hear that somebody else, no matter how many miles away, is thinking the same kinds of things that you are.

Mike: I think there's a lot of people like that. A lot of bands tend to be too straight to the point, but we go about explaining it in a very different way. A lot of our songs, like *Who Will Survive*—well, it's not saying we're going to die in a nuclear war but it's saying we're going to die from what evil men create, and that could be any number of things from greed and corruption to what evolves.

The Buddha gig may have been their first in Vancouver, but that doesn't mean MIA is not familiar with local bands. Nick was wearing a DOA T-shirt.

Mike: They've been like Larry and mine's favourite band. We've met them in L.A. before...they're great people and a great band, and I really admire what they're doing.

All: Three cheers for the Icons!

Larry: And Bill of Rights...they were cool too.

BOBT: What about other Canadian bands you've heard or met?

Mike: S.N.F.U. from Edmonton. (All: They're great...watch out for that band...they're playing here real soon...)

BOBT: How did you find the crowd at the Buddha?

Mike: The people that were there were great, but...

Paul: Yeah, we had no idea what the situation was going to be like there and for all the people that couldn't get in for one reason or another we'd like to apologize.

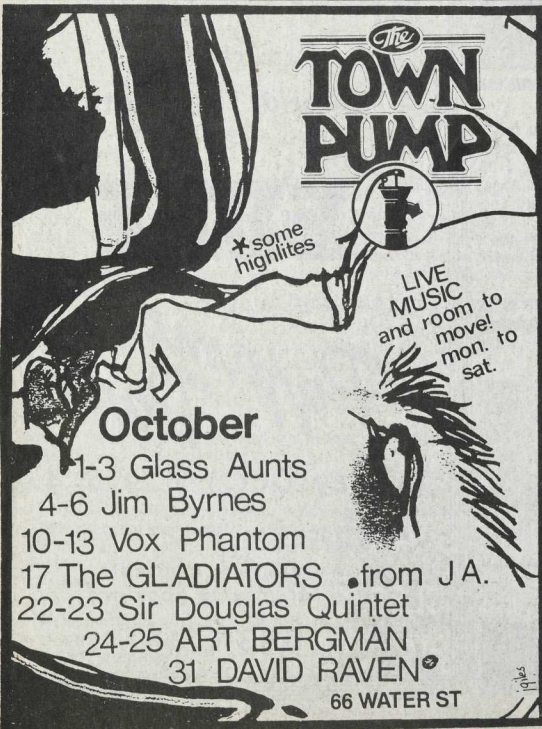
(The Buddha has a very sticky and what appears to be somewhat arbitrary policy regarding the proper I.D. to get in to the bar...at least half of the people who tried to get in to see MIA were turned away, including several who were over the legal age in this province.)

Larry: Next time we'll be doing a different show.

Mike: ALL ages...don't miss it.

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—Bits of Black Tape



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October

1-3 Glass Aunts

4-6 Jim Byrnes

10-13 Vox Phantom

17 The GLADIATORS •from J.A.

22-23 Sir Douglas Quintet

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31 DAVID RAVEN

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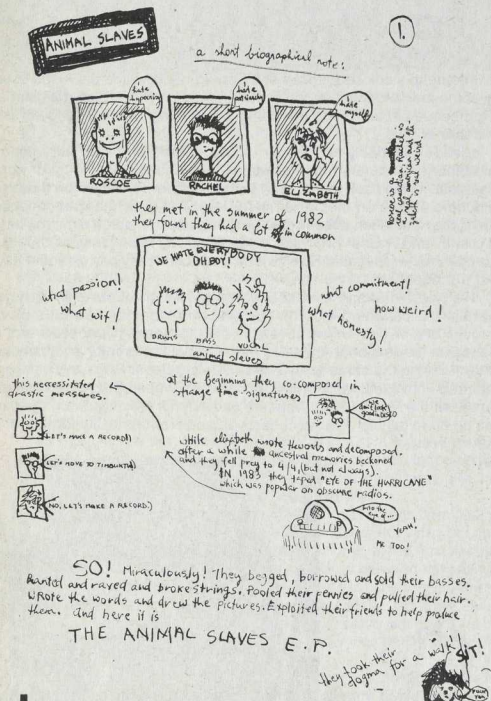
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Animal Slaves

Take A Walk on the Vile Side



tant aspect to remember when developing an impression of the Animal Slaves is that it is no more a 'group' as it is three distinctly different individuals. Differing in age, background and attitude, Elizabeth, drummer Ross, and bass player Rachel usually only agree on one point—that they disagree a lot. But any internal disorders caused by their occasional lack of emotional compatibility aren't evident when the Animal Slaves take to the stage. They're smiling a lot more these days and project a stronger feeling of confidence about what they are doing and why they're up there generally making fools of themselves. The Animal Slaves are still capable of radiating those "fucking ridiculous vibes", but therein lies part of their appeal.

The success of the EP (top 5 airplay on most major college radio stations in Canada and on the west coast of the United States, and some UK exposure by way of John Peel's BBC radio program) has inspired Elizabeth, Ross, and Rachel to pack their bags and hit the trail. The three minstrels recently completed a relatively successful club tour down the West Coast and now have their sights set on the Golden Triangle



to the east—Toronto, Montreal, New York—along with appearances in Calgary, Edmonton, Regina, Saskatoon, and Winnipeg to keep them well-fed along the journey. It's a complete do-it-yourself package—contacting friends and associates in each city to secure the dates and posting promotional material to the press and radio stations, all without the aid of a national booking agency, a manager, and a large amount of cash. The Animal Slaves will be gone for the month of October and they'll be playing such diverse venues as underground clubs, community halls, discotheques, and well-known spots like Ten Foot Henry's in Calgary, Foutoniques d'Electriques in Montreal, and the Pyramid Club in NYC. They'll be back in town November 5th for a date with NoMeansNo at the Luv-A-Fair.

When asked about future plans, the question is met with an 'it's anyone's guess' sort of response. Elizabeth, Ross, and Rachel may have their differing opinions on what they might like to see happen, but as a group they are faced with the same uncertainties. A trip to Europe, perhaps...another record, hopefully...a major recording contract? Nah...the Animal Slaves may have taken their dogma for a walk but they haven't let it off the leash.

—Mick O'Shea

January 1984...with the slightest trepidation, the Animal Slaves unleashed their taunt and challenging sound of music on an unaccustomed world—a sound that up until this time had been confined to the ears of a fervent cult of listeners here in Vancouver and lesser-known outlying areas.

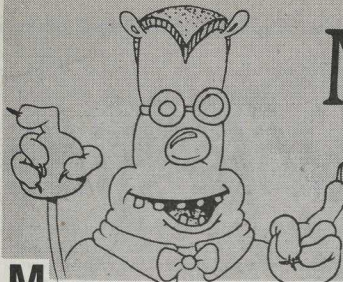
Their 5-song EP (the ninth release on the local MoDaMu co-operative) was met with a grab-bag of critical responses. It seemed everybody had something to say about it... "Beetheartian excursionist lyrics"... "jazz-avant obligati (!)"... "they make Romeo Void look like the Beach Boys"... "primal funk"... "steady beat"... "erratic vocals"... "captivating bass work"... "a touch of fury"... were just a few of the catch phrases tagged to the Animal Slaves and their first vinyl release.

Whether the record cultivated feelings of ecstasy, depression, or merely indifference, most would agree that it is true to the Animal Slaves' peculiar form. Uncompromising and occasionally overbearing, they lack most of the musical and lyrical pretensions that the majority of budding 'rock artists' feel compelled to apply when developing that accessible, albeit, derivative sound in the attempt to seduce as many lazy ears as possible. Not everyone is going to like the Animal Slaves because they don't sound like anyone else.

Well, what's the problem then? Why aren't they playing spunky funk tunes and singing about the extraneous topical circumstances that affect humankind today? Why not suck the big one and make the music they play pay?

"Oh yeah...someday we'd like to support ourselves, make a living or whatever you want to call it, with our music, but," states erratically-coiffed vocalist and keyboard player Elizabeth, "we'll do it our own way."

Elizabeth may be speaking for the group, but perhaps the most impor-



Marv Newland The Animated

Mary Newland is *not* having a good day. For some reason forces unknown seem to be conspiring against his attempts to show some visitors to his Richards Street studios a copy of his just-completed film *Anijam*. First there was the video cassette recorder. When he went to plug in the tape, there was an empty space where the machine should have been. Newland searched the whole building before the errant hardware appeared through the door in the arms of the breathless borrower. Breathing a sigh of relief, Newland retrieved the machine and, grabbing a small TV set, headed up the stairs to the offices of International Rocketship, the animation company he's headed since 1974.

He is now standing at the top of the stairs, looking down the hall to the office door. It is closed. And locked. And his keys are on the other side. Newland sets down the machine and, taking what he has been told are "master keys," attempts to open the door. The key doesn't even turn in the lock. "Looks like I'm going to have to break in," he says. As he crawls through a hole in the wall on his belly it becomes apparent that the cartoonist cannot pass through walls with quite the ease of his characters.

Moments later Newland reappears on the other side of the door, chuckling at his mishap as he ushers his guests into the small screening room. It seems he's used to things like this happening. This isn't the first time he's had trouble getting a film shown.

Marv Newland labours in that all but forgotten genre of film: the animated short, or as it is more humbly known, the cartoon. ("You can call them animated shorts if you want to get a grant," says Newland.) In this age of big budgets and small theatres it's not often that a moviegoer gets a cartoon as part of the admission price. And while there are still cartoons on the tube when the kids get home from school—Tom and Jerry, Popeye, Bugs Bunny—they are all pictures made years ago. Most new TV animation, usually aired on Saturday morning to occupy the tots while Mom and Dad sleep in, seems to consist of badly drawn, crudely animated versions of video game characters or adaptations of mindless shows from the evening airwaves. In short, Marv Newland seems to be practising what many believe to be a dying art.

It wasn't supposed to be that way.

"When I was a film student I wanted to make live-action films," confesses Newland. "I wanted to wear the jodpurs, carry the megaphone and whip, and do all those other things directors do. But then I was making my second film, a thing called *On Cloudy Days I Sleep In* at the Art College of Design in Los Angeles. The film was nearing completion and all I needed to wrap it up was a stop-action sunrise. Well, in the week before I was supposed to hand the film in, there wasn't a single clear day in L.A. So, in a panic, I hurriedly threw together an animated film that had been running about in my head for about a year.

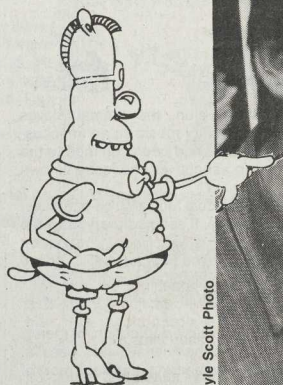
That film was *Bambi Meets Godzilla*, a 90-second cartoon of Disney's deer grazing quietly in a meadow, while the credits, all reading "by Marv Newland," roll past. Bambi meets a messy end when Godzilla's foot comes crashing down, putting an end to both Bambi and the film. *Bambi Meets Godzilla* was an underground hit of sorts, or as much of a hit as a 90-second picture can be, and established Newland's name as an animator. After graduation, Newland went to work doing animation for TV commercials. As the money rolled in, and Newland grew fonder of his accidentally adopted craft, the dreams of the director's chair faded to black.

It was eleven years before Newland's next theatrical venture hit the screen. *Sing Beast Sing* involved five years of sporadic work before emerging as a cartoon dedicated to all those people behind the scenes in the entertainment business. At nine minutes it's longer than most North American commercial cartoons. The plot is simple to the point of absurdity, and the pacing is deliberate, in contrast to the slam-bang, amphetamine-fuelled action common in most weekday afternoon fare. What *Sing Beast Sing* lacks in frantic action, however, it more than makes up for in detail. Each frame of the film is carefully drawn; there are none

of the cheap stock sequences or standard background drawings used by some animators to cut costs and production time. Even if its star is a grotesque called Toledo the Mung Beast, *Sing Beast Sing* looks like a labour of love.

Indeed, it probably is a labour of love; there's precious little money in cartoons. Costs are high, because of the enormous amount of work that must go into each frame, and revenues are low, since so few theatres include cartoons on their bills these days. The only financial consolation is that animation doesn't date as quickly as live-action film. The best of Disney and Warner Brothers cartoons look as fresh today as they did the day they were made. So Newland's cartoons may pay off some day. But it probably won't be this week.

This week Newland isn't concerned too much about bills anyway. Despite the problems with the machine and the door, he's on a bit of a roll. His new film *Anijam* recently won the Special Jury prize at the Canadian International Animated Film Festival in Toronto, a vindication of sorts, since the same festival rejected *Sing Beast Sing*. And he's just returned from a festival in Telluride, Colorado, where *Anijam* won the applause of the likes of Wim Wenders and Werner Herzog. Soon the film will be off to Italy for the Lucca festival, and New York City for the Film Forum Festival.



Gayle Scott Photo

Newland describes the film as an animation free-for-all: "*Anijam* is short for animation jam, and the film is sort of a jam session for what I would consider world-class animators, as many as I could contract and con into working on the thing. There ended up being 22 animators from nine countries.

"I started things off by designing a character, called Foska. This character was sent to an animator with the instructions that they should animate a 15 second sequence; that's about 180 drawings. The only restriction was that each sequence had to begin and end with Foska. That animator sent his drawings back to us and we took the last draw-

Man



ing and mailed it to the next animator, who used it as his first drawing. No one knew what came before or after their sequence, just that each sequence began and ended with Foska. Then we took all the drawings, added colour, put them together, and added a sort of tango soundtrack by a Vancouver composer by the name of J. Douglas Dodd."

The concept behind *Anijam* is reminiscent of the old party game where each person contributes a line to a story, or of the Dada portraits, in which a series of artists contributed to the drawing of a picture by carrying on from where the previous artist's lines left off. Both those techniques, however, are better known as commentaries on the process of creating than they are for achieving results. The results of the chain stories and the Dada portraits are more notable for their absurdity than for any literary or artistic merit. Curiously, *Anijam* doesn't suffer from the same problem. Perhaps because we don't expect much in the way of plot or character development in cartoons in the first place we aren't disappointed when *Anijam* doesn't provide them. What the film does provide is a series of variations on a theme, as Foska goes through a series of metamorphoses at the hands of animators with vastly different styles. Rather than distracting the viewer, the clash of styles becomes one of the chief points of interest in the film.

No one is more surprised that *Anijam* works as a film than Newland himself: "I imagined it would be really schizophrenic, indecipherable, almost impossible to watch. But looking at it now, it seems to play. I don't know if it makes any sense, but it seems to play."

"In some cases there were some uncanny connections from sequence to sequence. There's one bit where a Danish animator living in London, Ontario did a sequence where Foska eats a bomb. In the next sequence, by a Japanese animator, the character vomits. In between the eating and the vomiting there's a little walk that Foska does. The Danish animator ended his segment in the middle of the walk, and the Japanese animator started his segment by picking up exactly the same walk. And he could not have known in any way what the character was doing, not from one drawing."

While *Anijam* can be judged an artistic success, Newland now faces the task of getting the film shown. It has already been included on a program of new Canadian animation assembled by Pacific Cinematheque that will be shown Oct. 27 at the Robson Square Cinema. He hopes to convince the Odeon Theatre chain, who occasionally show *Sing Beast Sing* before their main attractions, to give *Anijam* similar treatment.

The fact, however, remains, that a cartoon on the bill is the exception, not the rule. Getting *Anijam* shown will be an uphill battle. Once that question rears its ugly head: "Is animation a dying art?"

In spite of the daunting evidence to support claims of its demise, Newland remains optimistic about the future of animation. "Right now shorts aren't being shown in theatres, because theatres are selling you a seat, they're not entertaining you. Maybe when things get tougher, and fewer people go to movie theatres, cartoons will come back as the theatre owners try to put on more of a show. Right now, though, animation is going straight to video, with compilations of short films, like the Fantastic Animation Festival, or the Animation festival."

Rock video also beckons. Animation is well suited to a medium, like MTV or MuchMusic, where a clip is repeated ad nauseum. Says Newland: "Ry Cooder once told me that the two things that hold up best in rock videos are porn and animation. Those are the two things that people will watch over and over again."

While encouraged by the alternatives, Newland would still like to get his films to the big screen. "I'd like to slip it into some of the local cinemas," he says. "Maybe beat up a projectionist and slip it in between reels of a feature film."

Newland is laughing, so one might suppose that he's joking. But then again, maybe not. After all, Marv Newland is a man who'll walk through walls to get his films shown.

—CD

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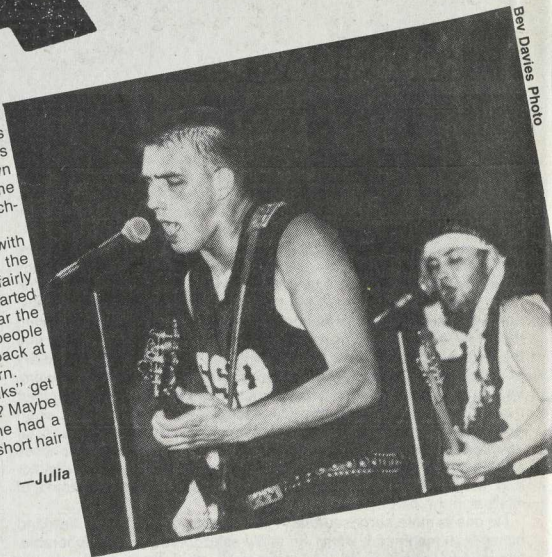
D.O.A.



Well, NoMeansNo was good and so was Chainsaw Running. The Hot Spit Dancers from California were rather humorous, especially when they informed the crowd that we had our "Five" and they had their "One." Their "One" turned out to be some crook who was sent to jail for manufacturing heroin... "but he was a nice guy." Well, so was Charlie Manson. Maybe I'm getting old, or maybe I wasn't drunk enough, but D.O.A. didn't pack the wallop that they used to. I couldn't understand what was wrong. There they all were, looking just as well fed as ever. No, it was something in their attitudes... gasp... could it be... not the hometown favourites... But, sadly there it was: the Rock Star Mentality. It came sweating out of every pore of Joey's unto the eager reception of the pitch-in' punk rockin' crowd.

What made me scratch my head and wonder what was wrong with Vancouver's Hardcore Scene, was not D.O.A.'s performance, but the crowd's reflexes. Some guy stage-dove into what appeared to be a fairly thick group of people. In the middle of his free fall the crowd neatly parted down the middle and let this dude sail to the floor. You could hear the smack of his head hitting the floor over top of the band. The people surrounding him looked at his twisted figure on the floor, then back at the Rock Stars. I think my cat would have shown more concern. What I would like to know is where do these so called "Punks" get off on letting some poor bastard hit the floor and crack his skull? Maybe pain is hip; I don't know. I think the whole underground scene had a lot more credibility when it was socially unacceptable to sport short hair and torn t-shirts.

—Julia



Ben Davies Photo

Lwafair

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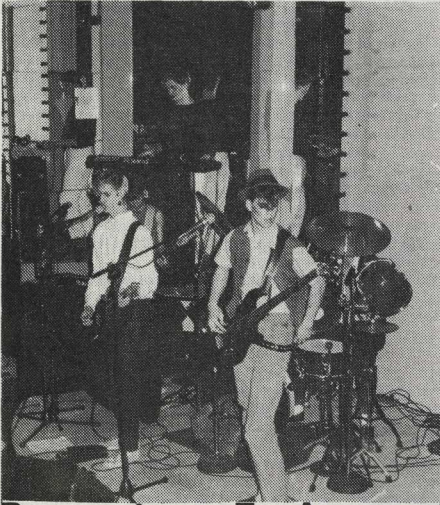
SHINDIG!

It's Monday, September 10. I jog up the steps at #6 Powell Street, knowing that before 10 p.m. I can get in free and stock up on cheap browns, before happy hour ends. It's the opening night of SHINDIG, CTR's Hot Air Show revival.

10:15 The M.C. introduces **Laughing Academy**. The band is tense, nervous and after a short delay they are off to a slow start. Weak saxophone, average guitar—the tempo never picks up. Time for another brown. I hear some weak cheers, and polite applause. The band is gone when I get back to my chair. Oh well.

11:15 **Procedures for Approval** take the stage. The lead singer is confident and cool; they look like preppie-pop college boys. Someone tells me they are. The music is polished and tight. I am too. The bar is full, the dance floor filling. It's apparent that PFA's guitar oriented synth-pop has won the crowd over.

Midnight The M.C. declared **PFA** the winners of SHINDIG, round one. Some of the crowd cheer.



Dave Jacklin Photo

Procedures For Approval

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...One week later, same time, same place. I'm stocking my table with happy hour beers. The crowd is different from the week before. More punks, more piss tanks.

10:15 Out come the band. They're young, they're dressed in black leather and jeans. The sound is loud—an onslaught of fast guitar—**Sudden Impact**. They live up to their name. Some guys are slam dancing. The singer is beer slamming. Much energy. Four songs later the singer's staggering. Someone pukes on the stage. I'm bored. Time to refill the table. When the music ends ten guys fill the floor, screaming, "IMPACT, IMPACT, IMPACT." The guy behind me says, "What is this, Birmingham '76 revisited?" I give him a beer.

11:30 The crowd is getting restless. The MC comes out and plugs an Iggy Pope T-shirt. What is this, a fashion show? I want some music. On come **Red Herring**. The music is original and totally different from the first band. Muddy vocals, but some solid guitar work. They're more accomplished musicians than Sudden Impact. They keep their dinner down, too.

12:30 The MC says **Red Herring** is the choice of the judges tonight. Half the crowd tells him to fuck off. The other half calls for an encore. I call for more beer.

1:00 Short encore—maybe six songs. My beer lasts longer. Okay gig. Good drunk.



Jim Main Photo

Beau Monde

Round Three, September 24

Shit. It's 10:15, the band is on and I've missed happy hour. There's a lineup. I tell the doorman I'm with the band. He's goes to check and I sneak in.

A girl tells me the band on stage is the **Young Pups**. Great guitar—these guys are cool. I've heard them somewhere before (if only I could remember where). The place is packed. (Lotsa cheeeks.) The Young Pups aren't flashy but they seem to be holding the crowd's attention. Must be the music. Some people dance. I go to the bar. One beer at a time tonight—no table to stash the extras. The band says their thank-you's to the crowd. Major cheering. Me too.

11:15 The MC comes on stage. Seems that there are three bands tonight. Out trot **Fun With Numbers**. Clean band—obviously think they're the Kinks. Round out the set with two Kinks covers. Not bad. My beer is empty. Off to the bar.

12:15 The Savoy is packed as **Beau Monde** is introduced. People dance. The band is good—they have a broader range than the other two bands. The dance floor is packed by the time they finish their set. Tonight's a toss-up for me—I like the Pups, but Beau Monde is good too.

1:15 The MC comes on to announce the winner—**Beau Monde**. They'll go on to the semi-finals (or whatever) October 1st. If they win that, it's on to the final and big prizes ("Alright, Beau Monde, do you want the recording time? Or will you take what's behind curtain number one?").

2:00 Last call has come and gone; the bar is thinning out. I get up to leave by my leg's gone to sleep. I fall on my face. Have to remember to put my hands out next time. Also to get here early next week. Time to crawl home.

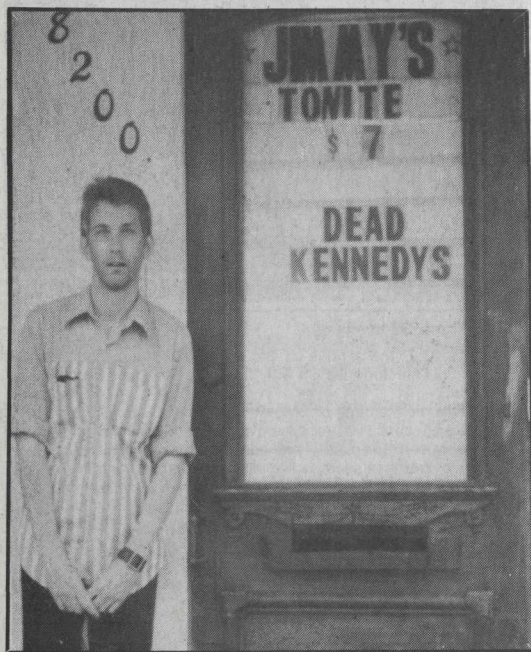
—The Observer

See Red Herring, Procedures for Approval, and Beau Monde battle for a trip to the SHINDIG finals, Monday, October 1st at the Savoy in Gastown.

Bus Surfing with

Or How I Spent My Summer Vacation

by Candace Batycki



It weighs 4900 kilos, sleeps at least nine, and covered 8500 miles in August of this year. I'm glad it can talk.

On August 7th seven Canadians, two Dutch, and one American departed the Pacific Northwest on a modified school bus and headed south. Brainchild of the Internationale Plaza gang, the rolling raunch-out was conceived as a working vacation. Vancouverites, under the guidance of booking agent Ken Lester, would follow the Dead Kennedys on their 12-day tour of the Southwest U.S., selling T-shirts and other merchandise to offset expenses.

The adventure lasted three weeks. Sometimes it felt like three years. And the whole thing ended much too soon.

A time of intense heat, excessive drink, and endless waiting. A punk rock hell-on-wheels turned into a chance to meet lots of people, get acquainted with new terrain, see tons of bands, and have vast amounts of too much fun.

The DKs tour paralleled a few other tours, most notably that of BGK from Holland and Cause For Alarm from New York City. Riistelyt (Finland) and Raw Power (Italy) also played some of the earlier shows. It was an international juggernaut bound by common ideals and a desire for intense experience. Talking to the Europeans it becomes evident that hardcore is alive and well on the continent. There's a big difference between reading about these bands in Maximum Rock and Roll and actually seeing them play. BGK in particular absolutely shred; expect them in Canada sometime next year.

August 10th, Los Angeles. Streets full of people hawking parking spots for the Olympics at \$5/day. The Olympic Auditorium is an incredible place for a gig: 4,500 spiked, booted, creatively-coiffed Angelenos in a wrestling arena. It was more than a little scary. We sold almost all of our stock of T-shirts before second-billed BGK finished their set, and scurried to pack up before any serious shit went down. A quarter of the way into the Kennedy's set, the first show of the tour, some geek lept onstage, twisted Biafra's leg, and leaned on his knee. Eeyouch. Jello and the boys finished the show, including encores, but Mr. Biafra, reknowned for running amok on stage and spending half his time leaping into the audience, spent the rest of the tour in a Velcro cast, walking on crutches and singing from a stool.

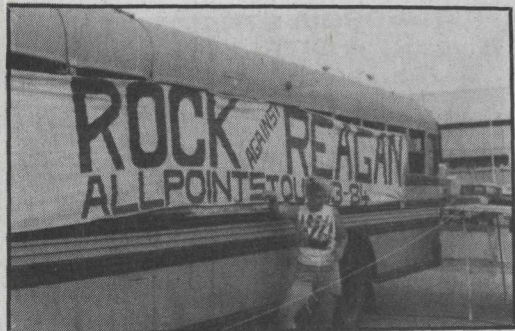
These impediments only slowed his performances down marginally. The man conveys more energy and expression from the waist up than most able-bodied singers. The acid wit and manic mime remain intact.

Day Two, San Diego, was unremarkable but for the intense heat and some WICKED slamming courtesy of the local army boys.

It was 110°F in Phoenix the following day when we learned that disaster had befallen. The van with the two roadies and all the DK's equipment had dropped its transmission in Banning, California. With no time to have the van repaired, it was decided that the crew and equipment would travel in the bus. And so it was that "bus people" learned the joys of Motel Six's poolside "stylin' ". In retrospect this was a huge blessing, for the bus people anyway. We averaged eight-hour drives between shows, with the temperature anywhere from 90°F to 110°F. Air-conditioned motel rooms with showers and some degree of privacy probably prevented more than one attempted homicide.

While the bus fetched the roadies and gear, the DKs played on borrowed equipment. Bus women took over stage security and enjoyed a

the DEAD KENNEDYS



fun, loose gig, with lots of requests.

Then Texas! The Sancho Brothers Ballroom in El Paso, home of the fabulous Rhythm Pigs. We received an enthusiastic reception there; apparently El Paso sees very few punk shows and some fans had driven 200 miles for the occasion. We were mobbed by people at the T-shirt table; thankfully we had been restocked by then.

Our first day off enabled us to cross the Rio Grande into the Mexican border town of Juarez for cheap tequila and tacos that later returned in uncomfortable form.

After an unmemorable show at the Villa Fontana in San Antonio (local outfit Marching Plague was impressive) we headed for bayou country. Excitement was high as we approached New Orleans, and the city lived up to expectations. We used our second day off to take in the World's Fair (disappointing, a glorified PNE) and the famous French Quarter. (All together now: "I left my mind, at Pat O'Brien's.") I know I'm not the only one who fell in love with New Orleans. Selling out all our stock at the show at Jimmy's meant we had the rest of the tour off. Partee.

Being a somewhat outrageous-looking crew we were a little wary of rednecks and good ole boys, but most people reacted to us with good-natured curiosity. It's impossible to say, based on our experiences, what others might expect. Certainly a busload of Canadians with funny hair-

There appears to be a lot of dead weight in the American punk scene; the people that genuinely care and make things happen are often outnumbered by bored, unimaginative kids, punks in the traditional sense of the word.

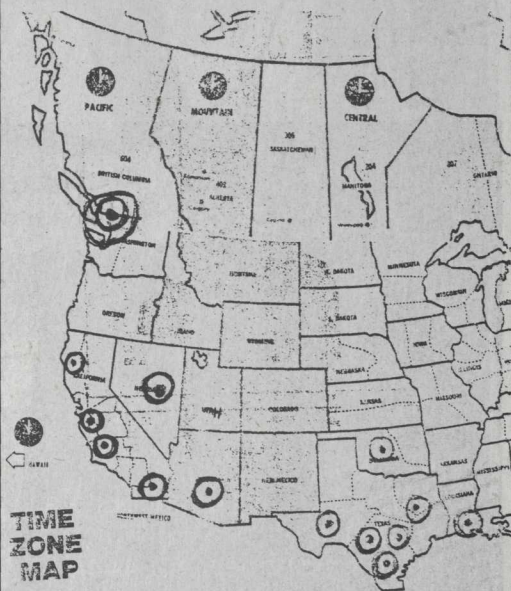
cuts is bound to elicit a more bemused reaction from motel staff and shop clerks. "Are y'all with that bayand?" Bending over backwards was not uncommon.

Back to Texas for the Houston show. We found ourselves at a huge hall called the Consolidated Arts Warehouse, the closest thing I've seen to an American version of Europe's youth centres. The walls were hung with local art, and beer prices were negotiable. Unfortunately, the CAW was bought by a bank shortly after we were there and slated for immediate demolition, leaving Houston without a viable venue.

The next day Austin felt like a mecca in the Texas desert. The gig was at a club with only a partial roof called the Liberty Lunch, which boasted a full-colour mural on two of the walls and an impressive concert calendar. However, some members of the crowd proved surprisingly violent, intentionally pushing Biafra off his stool at one point. There appears to be a lot of dead weight in the American punk scene; the people that genuinely care and make things happen are often outnumbered by bored, unimaginative kids, punks in the traditional sense of the word. Nazi Punks Fuck Off never seemed more appropriate.

It would be unfair to pass judgement on local scenes, as we spent more Bus Surfing p. 19

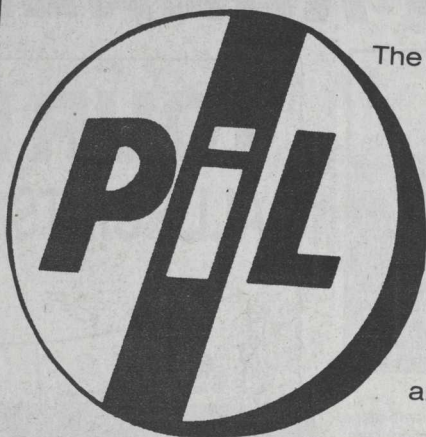
TOUR MAP ALL POINTS TOUR 84



LEGEND & DATES CONNECT THE DOTS

- Aug. 10th L.A. (Olympics)
- Aug. 11th San Diego
- Aug. 12th Phoenix
- Aug. 14th El Paso
- Aug. 15th San Antonio
- Aug. 16 New Orleans
- Aug. 18th Houston
- Aug. 19th Austin
- Aug. 21st Dallas

• Oct. 20-21 NEW YORK THEATRE
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VANCOUVER



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and

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War Memorial Gym U.B.C.

Tix: Odyssey, Zulu,
VTC/CBO and all usual outlets
Info: 280-4411
Charge by phone: 280-4444

CITR presents

The DEAD KENNEDYS

with guests

October 20 and 21
Doors 7 pm • Showtime 7:30
NEW YORK THEATRE

CITR presents



with guests

NEOA4

October 22 • 8:30 pm
Commodore Ballroom



Produced
by Perryscope

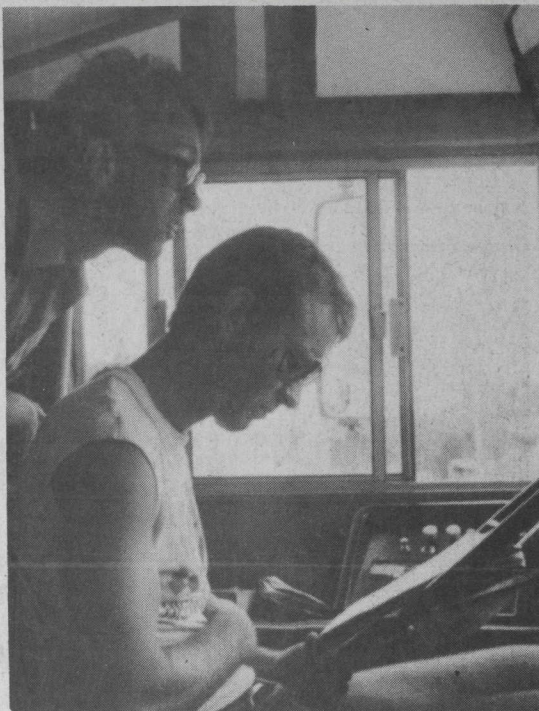
More Bus Surfing

only one day in each place. There is definitely the usual problems in finding places to play, but the logistical difficulties inherent in transporting ten people on a bus hampered us from finding out more about other alternative outlets. We did see quite a few fanzines, some really original, some just plain awful. Certainly the Dead Kennedys draw a bigger crowd than a local gig would, attracting people who would probably never be seen at any other punk shows in that city.

On August 21 we were finally in Dallas, Rocking Against Reagan in front of the Republican Convention. We had hoped for more from this show. About 2,000 people turned out to the parking lot allotted for the event, but the general atmosphere was no different than any other rock show. Yeah, there was a table set up with leaflets, buttons, etc. In the afternoon the RAR people laid out food for those working the show. The Yippies raved into the microphone like discredited dinosaurs. The Church of the Sub-Genius did an inspired 15 minutes. But inevitable comparisons to the Democratic Convention in San Francisco, where the Dicks and the Dead Kennedys played to 5,000 people and the gig was followed by an impromptu street action, left the Dallas RAR show looking rather weak politically. The DKs tailored their set to feature their more political stuff and Biafra, by now on the mend, wore a hideous rubber Reagan mask and led the crowd in a "Fuck off and die" chant as the "rich Christians" left the convention centre. Tension earlier in the day when mounted police and riot-equipped cops surrounded the protest cooled out as the night wore on and the tameness of the event became apparent.

And that was it. Goodbye to BGK and CFA, the Kennedys fly back, and the bus people wind home via Oklahoma, the Grand Canyon, Las Vegas, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. Through all the physical exhaustion and emotional roller coaster rides, the bus experience was one that I would have no qualms about repeating tomorrow. To quote roadie Patrick O'Pillare, it was "Full-blown art."

P.S. For a guaranteed good time and a chance to hear some killer new material, catch the Dead Kennedys at the New York Theatre, 639 Commercial Drive. Two shows, October 20 and 21. All ages welcome.



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PROGRAM GUIDE

A guide to CITR fm 102
CABLE 100

REGULAR PROGRAMS

African Show (Wednesday 9:30 pm-12 am)
A program featuring African music and culture. Every week, with news, current events and local African music events.

Folk International (Saturday 10 am-12 noon)
Folk music from around the world. Tune in on the first and last Saturday of each month for traditional Canadian folk music, and on the Saturdays in between for Indian music.

Jazz Show (Monday 9:30 pm-1 am)
An evening of varied traditional and avant garde jazz on one of Vancouver's longest running all-jazz programs. Now that C-JAZ has become "FM97" this is one of the only places you can hear jazz on the radio before midnight. Hosted each week by Gavin Walker or Bob Kerr.

The Midshow (Wednesday Midnight-1 am)
Midnight, mid-week, mid-dial. William S. Burroughs, Tammy Wynette, ABBA, Laurie Anderson, the mid-show combines music and poetry. Hosted by John Anderson.

Music Of Our Time (Sunday 8 am-12 pm)
Music of the 20th century in the classical tradition. Hosted by Ken Jackson and Jay Leslie.

Fast Forward (Sunday 9:30 pm-1 am)
The latest in the exciting and vibrant world of experimental, independent, minimalist, electronic, avant garde stuff. Actually, this program is yet another alternative to CITR's general "alternative" sound. Keep abreast of independent cassette releases around the world, as well as listening for rare live recordings or more well known non-mainstream artists.

Voice of Freedom (Sunday 6:30 pm-7:30 pm)
Satirical broadcast from a mythical radio station on a secluded American military base (Diego Garcia) where all the records are twelve years out of date.

Rockers (Sunday 1 pm-3 pm)
The latest and best in toasting, rockers, dub and straight forward reggae. Hosted by George Barrett.

Playlist Show (Saturday 3 pm-6 pm)
The countdown of CITR's weekly top 40 singles and albums, featuring new additions to the Playlist. Listen for Michael Shea.

Insight (Weekdays 9:43 am and 6:13 pm)
An editorial comment on current issues open to the community. If you have something to say, call 228-3017, ask for Doug Richards.

Generic Review
(Weekdays at 8:35 am and 5:35 pm. Also on Saturday and Sunday Magazine)
A critique of local entertainment, theatrical events, movies, and exhibits.

Sunday Night Live (Sunday 8 pm)
Rare live recordings of noted local and international artists.

High Profile
(Monday through Saturday at 8 pm)
Spotlighting one artist's music and career. Refer to High Profile listing for artists.

Final Vinyl (Nightly at 11 pm)
Albums played in their entirety. Refer to the final vinyl listing in this section for a more detailed explanation.

News and Sports (Weekdays)
Local, national, and international news and sports. News and sports reports at 8 am, 10 am, 1 pm, and 6 pm. Newsbreak and Sportsbreak at 3:30 pm and 4:30 pm. On Saturday and Sunday, regular newscasts air at 12:00 noon.

Saturday and Sunday Magazine
(Saturday & Sunday at 6 pm)
Weekend magazine shows presenting special news, sports and entertainment features.

Public Affairs (Weekdays 9 am)
Current events and issues around Vancouver, as well as in depth coverage of social problems, political events and public figures.

Proper Gander
(Saturday 6:30 pm-9:30 pm)
Everything but a well-dressed goose.

Mel Brewer Presents (Thursday 11 pm)
A program featuring exclusively the newest and best in local talent with new demo tapes, live interviews with groups and local music figures, debuts of new released and lotsa hot juicy gossip.

PROGRAM GUIDE

CITR
CITR
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CITR

FM 102
CABLE 100

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
7AM						7AM
8AM	WAKE UP REPORT WITH NEWS, SPORTS AND WEATHER					8AM
	GENERIC REVIEW		GENERIC REVIEW			
9AM	PUBLIC AFFAIRS		PUBLIC AFFAIRS	PUBLIC AFFAIRS		9AM
MUSIC OF OUR TIME	CITR INSIGHT EDITORIAL			CITR INSIGHT EDITORIAL		
	MORNING 'REPORT' WITH NEWS, SPORTS AND WEATHER					10AM
11AM						11AM
NEWS						NOON NEWS
SUNDAY BRUNCH						
1PM	LUNCH REPORT WITH NEWS, SPORTS AND WEATHER					1PM
THE ROCKERS SHOW						2PM
3PM						3PM
THE SUNDAY AFTER NOON SHOW	NEWS	NEWS	NEWS	NEWS		
4PM	SPORTS	SPORTS	SPORTS	SPORTS		THE PLAYLIST SHOW
5PM						5PM
	GENERIC REVIEW		GENERIC REVIEW			
SUNDAY MAGAZINE	DINNER REPORT WITH NEWS, SPORTS AND WEATHER					6PM
VOICE OF FREEDOM	CITR INSIGHT EDITORIAL		CITR INSIGHT EDITORIAL			SATURDAY MAGAZINE
7PM						7PM
						PROPER GANDER
8PM						8PM
SUNDAY NIGHT LIVE	HIGH PROFILE	HIGH PROFILE	HIGH PROFILE	HIGH PROFILE	HIGH PROFILE	HIGH PROFILE
9PM						9PM
FAST FORWARD	JAZZ SHOW		AFRICAN SHOW			10PM
11PM	FINAL VINYL	FINAL VINYL	FINAL VINYL	MEL BREWER PRESENTS	FINAL VINYL	FINAL VINYL
MIDNIGHT	JAZZ SHOW		AFRICAN SHOW			MIDNIGHT
FAST FORWARD		CITR broadcasts daily at 102 FM and 100 cable FM, from 7 AM until 4 AM.				1AM
2AM						2AM
3AM						3AM
4AM						4AM

PROGRAM GUIDE

A guide to CTR fm 102

CABLE 100

OCTOBER HIGH PROFILES

High Profiles are 45 minute documentary style music specials, encompassing individual bands, musical movements and styles and scenes around the world. High Profiles include biographical material, histories, discographies and a good sampling of music. High Profile can be heard Monday through Saturday evenings at 8:00 p.m.

Starting this month, we are offering a new feature in our High Profile's time slot: "Arts Underground," which will be a 45-minute program on alternative cultural happenings around Vancouver. This month's show will be "Dance... A Sound Perspective" featuring experimental music artist Ahmed Hassan who scores for the Edam Dance Society and will soon be working for the National Ballet.

Mon	1	The Remains
Tues	2	Delta 5
Wed	3	Guilty Pleasures
Thur	4	Shrekback
Fri	5	XTC
Sat	6	Patti Smith
Mon	8	Kenny and the Kasuals
Tues	9	The Small Faces
Wed	10	"Arts Underground"
Thur	11	Public Image Limited
Fri	12	Men Who Hide Their Faces
Sat	13	Tom Waites
Mon	15	The Undertones
Tues	16	The MoDaMu Record Label
Wed	17	Early Pavarotti
Thur	18	The Dead Kennedys
Fri	19	Men Who Grunt
Sat	20	Scientist
Mon	22	Early Rolling Stones
Tues	23	The Enigmas
Wed	24	Paul Rudolph
Thur	25	Savage Republic
Fri	26	Men Who Gargle Drano
Sat	27	Brian Eno
Mon	29	The Suburbs
Tues	30	12 HOUR HALLOWEEN SPECIAL ON THE CRAMPS
Wed	31	Things I Hate

FINAL VINYL

★★★★★★

Nightly at 11 p.m.

★★★★★★

New and neglected albums played in their entirety.

Monday - Jazz Album

Tuesday & Wednesday - New Playlist Album

Thursday - *Mel Brewer Presents*

Weekly showcase of local artists. Highlights include interviews, new releases, demo tapes and plenty of juicy gossip.

Friday - Mixing, Matching, Blending, Scratching ALBUMS

Saturday - CTR #1 Playlist LP

Sunday - Neglected LP with Mark Mushet

HOME TAPING IS
KILLING MUSIC



AND IT'S ILLEGAL

HOME TAPING IS
KILLING MUSIC



AND IT'S ILLEGAL

CTR FM 102 CABLE 100

Membership Application

Welcome, Friends, to Reverend Larry's House of Radio Miracles. I'm asking you to be audially healed! I'm begging you to take that first step towards musical salvation.

Put your hands on your radio and feel the power of alternative non-commercial broadcasting. Feel it surge into your ears, swelling your cranial cavities, popping those palpitating pleasure pots known as your eardrums! Yea, Friend, you have been **SAVED** from the horrors of mainstream radio!

Now, to help continue this fine work at Reverend Larry's House of Radio Miracles, I ask you to send us a contribution. We need to build our strength, to increase our friendship circle. Just fill out this form and send it to me, care of CTR. Send \$20.00 if you are a UBC student, and \$25.00 if you are not. And help us save others from the degradation of dog food radio...



Thank you, Friend.

NAME: _____

AGE: _____

ADDRESS: _____

POSTAL CODE: _____

PHONE: _____

ARE YOU A UBC STUDENT? Y N

UBC STUDENT NO. _____

INTERESTED IN PROGRAMMING?

CITR TOP 20 SINGLES

ARTIST

TITLE

LABEL

1 BOLERO LAVA

Inevitable/
Click of the Clock
Moments Of Glory/
Calls My Name
Repo Man
Amok!

MO DA MU

2 EMILY

MCA (US)
VIRGIN

3 IGGY POP

COL
VIRGIN (UK)

4 LEDERNACKEN

Hopes & Fears/
Threshold

RT (UK)

5 COURAGE OF LASSIE

5 Miles Of You

ABSTRACT (UK)

6 TOM VERLAINE

How Soon Is Now?/William

ALETNE (UK)

7 THE SMITHS

Under Construction

SD (UK)

8 1000 MEXICANS

Trouble In Town

WEA (UK)

9 EAST BAY RAY

Steeltown

10 RED GUITARS

Schampout

ZTT/MCA

11 ASSOCIATES

Two Tribes

EPIC (UK)

12 FRANKIE GOES TO

HOLLYWOOD

CLAY (UK)

13 HUNTERS &

COLLECTORS

WB

14 DISCHARGE

Absolute

DEMO

15 SCRITTI POLITTI

Self-Pity

KAZ (UK)

16 NOMEANSNO

Blue Canary

DEMO

17 FRANK CHICKENS

Baby's On Fire/
Gospel Surfer

GLASS (UK)

18 JERRY JERRY

Roadrunner
Your Life

SB (US)

19 JAZZ BUTCHER

20 KONK

CITR TOP 20 ALBUMS

ARTIST

TITLE

LABEL

1 400 BLOWS

"If I Kissed Her."

ILLUMINATED (UK)

2 BLACK UHURU

Anthem

ISLAND/MCA

3 QUINE & MAHER

Basic

EGA&M

4 FORGOTTEN REBELS

This Ain't Hollywood

STAR

5 RAIN PARADE

Explosions.

ENIGMA (US)

6 LENNY KAYE

I've Got A Right

GIORNO (US)

7 SHRIEKBACK

Jam Science

ARISTA (UK)

8 THE MIGHTY WAH!

A Work To The Wise Guy

PLOYGRAM

9 TOM VERLAINE

Cover

VIRGIN (UK)

10 23 SKIDOO

Urban Gamelan

ILLUMINATED (UK)

11 KONK

Yo!

CREPUSCULE (BLG)

12 KING SUNNY ADE

Aura

ISLAND/MCH

13 SPECIAL AKA

In The Studio

CHRYSLIS/MCA

14 SCREAMING BLUE

Good & Gone

BIG BEAT (UK)

15 PALAIS BLUE

Parlez-Vous Schamburg?

PHONOGRAM (BRD)

16 RED HOT CHILI

Red Hot Chili Peppers

EMI (US)

17 PLASTICLAND

Color Appreciation

LOLITA (FR)

18 THE TEMPEST

5 Against The House

ANAGRAM (UK)

19 MINUTEMEN

Double Nickels..

SST (US)

20 THE BLUEBELLS

Sisters

LONDON (UK)

ALSO RECEIVING AIRPLAY ON CITR

ALBUMS

SUMMERS-FRIPP

Bewitched

A&M

ROBYN HITCHCOCK

I Oten Dream of Trains

MIDNIGHT MUSIC (UK)

STOCKHOLM

Alma Mater

FACTORY (UK)

MONSTERS

Directive 17

MACBETH

DIRECTIVE 17

Sex and Sorrow

CREPUSCULE (BLG)

STEVEN BROWN

Songs and Drumming

AURAL TRADITION

THEMBA TANA &

of Africa

TWIN-TONE (US)

AFRICAN HERITAGE

Say What You Will

SLASH (US)

SOUR ASYLUM

The Longest Day

VIRGIN (UK)

THE DEL FEUGOS

All You Pretty Girls

CHERRY RED (UK)

SINGLES

Radio Rap

LAGO (FR)

STC

Voodoo

ARISTA

ATTILLA THE

No Re-Ron

TWIN-TONE (US)

STOCKBROKER

I Will Dare

WEA (UK)

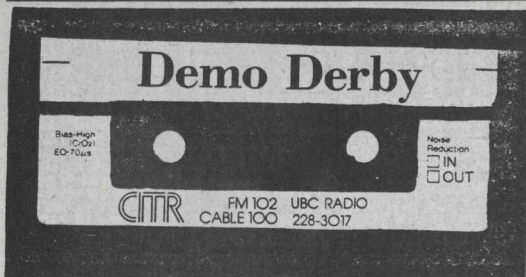
JAH WOBBLE

Jump

MO DA MU

GIL SCOT-HERON

The Work Song



Demo Derby takes a look this month at a number of bands and songs, all of which really are (except for a couple of them) demo tapes sent in to CITR. So without further explanation...

Corsage finally has a new demo tape out (actually, a live recording of a Commodore Ballroom gig): an original called "Season of the Witch." Bill Napier-Hemy's guitar sound is tastefully fantastic, as usual. This song is not as meticulously arranged as Corsage's studio work, but the energy Phil Smith exudes and the audience response in the background help to make up for that. Hopefully, the band will have something new to offer soon.

Bill of Rights have completed the work from their second major venture into the recording studio (six songs this time) and the band has really learned from its past mistakes. With production help from **DOA's** guitarist Dave Gregg, this set of songs sounds far better than their previous release, their debut 3-song single. "Blind Society" and "The Core" are the two songs the band has sent to CITR, both of which will be available soon on the upcoming record. Both songs are straightforward punk, far less hardcore/thrash oriented than the first Bill of Rights disc. If these two songs are anything to go by, the new record will be something worth looking out for.

Quick! Think of four great non-hockey things from Edmonton:

1. CJSR-FM
2. S.N.F.U.
3. Junior Gone Wild (now defunkt) and now...
4. Jerry Jerry And The Sons of Rhythm Orchestra

Two songs from the **Jerry Jerry** demo tape have at last found their way onto the CITR airwaves: "Gospel Surfer" is a really good surf instrumental, with lotsa guitars and drums, kind of like the **Sid Presley Experience** or **Agent Orange**; and "Baby's On Fire" (not the Eno tune) is an upbeat rockabilly song, reminding me mostly of Tav Falco's **Panther Burns**. I'd guess these guys are a lot of fun live.

CITR now has a second demo tape from the fantastic/terrific/great/intelligent/thrashy/virtuoso three piece band **NoMeansNo**. "Somebodies" explores the play on words "...some bodies I like, I wish somebody would like me..." Actually, very well thought out lyrics with interesting views into the life, the universe, and everything. Brilliant playing as well on this song which, although not quite as driving as "Self Pity," is equally as good.

Asiyah have just released a two song cassette single featuring the originals: "How Could I Forget" b/w "A Little Bit of Love," now available in most local independent record shops. The music itself is very competent reggae, but the lead singer reminds me of the guy from Little River Band. As this is the first actual local reggae release, this should get some support from the local scene.

A new band called **Unovis** have come up with a song called "Lonely." Having a vocal style very much like that of Polystyrene, and an overall playing style of X-Ray Spex, comparisons to that band are immediately made, but Unovis are somewhat more pop-oriented. They are original enough that they are more than mere clones of the late, great X-Ray Spex. Hopefully Unovis will play live somewhere soon.

Tim Ray and **AV** finally have another demo tape out: a catchy pop/dance tune called "Mondo Caine." Good rhythms, instantly accessible hooks and clean production make this another in a long line of fine releases from this band. AV should record more often.

—Big Dummy

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VINYL VERDICT



Public Image Limited The Commercial Zone This Is What You Want... This is What You Get

Once upon a time there was an ugly hunch-backed little man with red hair and green teeth and an ear to ear sneer. When he wasn't obnoxious and outspoken, he was sullen and condescending. He called himself Johnny Rotten. Some people called him a nihilist. Others thought he was just an asshole.

Now it seems that Johnny was the singer for a band called the Sex Pistols who played very loud songs about all sorts of subversive things. Everyone who didn't love them, hated them. They used to throw up in airports and things like that. Such bands don't often last long and on their first American tour, the Sex Pistols disintegrated.

But it wasn't in the cards that Johnny would fade into oblivion. One fateful day he ran into Keith Levene, a guitarist with classical piano training who often wore clothes that appeared to be several sizes too big. Some people called him a heroin addict. Others agreed.

John decided to chuck Rotten (too unsophisticated I guess) and reassumed his family name, Lydon. Then came the announcement, amidst much hype, that Lydon and Levene were forming Public Image Ltd. They took pains to stress that PIL wasn't a band, but rather a limited company, the mandate of which was to destroy the concept of rock band and all its ostentatious trappings. They said they planned to produce films as well as make music, and do so as autonomously as possible. As Lydon put it, in typically vitriolic fashion: We want nothing to do with producers and that sorry lot. Why should we pay some dreary hippie to tell us how we should sound?

From a musical standpoint, PIL was an unqualified success if only because the first three albums were uncompromisingly different. From the jagged, angry sound of *First Issue* to the exotic, percussive and often excruciating thump of *The Flowers of Romance* PIL remained unpredictable. Drummers came and went—Vancouver native son Jim Walker, Richard Dudanski, Martin Atkins and Budgie—and bassist Jah Wobble left under rather acrimonious circumstances shortly after the release of *Second Edition*. All this only confirmed the fact that the core of PIL was Levene and Lydon.

Unfortunately, Lydon and Levene have been on bad terms for the past year and, as a result,

PIL has been a confusing proposition of late. Why? Because Lydon and Levene have each released a new PIL album; or perhaps I should say they've each released an interpretation of the new PIL album because these two discs have a lot in common.

Actually, it was announced some time ago that Keith Levene had left PIL, so the appearance of *Commercial Zone* comes as a bit of a surprise. Judging by the title, I would speculate that the album, released as a quasi-bootleg, is Levene's parting shot at Lydon and Virgin Records. Obviously Levene absconded with tapes from one of the last recording sessions in which he and Lydon collaborated, because Lydon's voice appears on many of the songs. Essentially, what we have here are basic rhythm tracks overlaid with uncharacteristically understated Levene guitar work. Lydon's voice is rather low in the mix and sounds only mildly annoying, which seems to lend more credence to the notion that these versions were early studio outtakes.

The exact opposite is true of the official new PIL album *This is What You Want...This is What You Get*. In a nutshell, no John, this is not what we want! The album kicks off with a truly hilarious version of *This is Not a Love Song* replete with horns on the chorus. Evidently, Johnny boy has been at the Philadelphia cream cheese a few too many times. Put simply, this album is severely bloated by overproduction because, I suspect, Lydon and the Virgin brass (ha ha!) realized at the last minute that they had a complete dud on their hands. This has to say something for Levene's talents because he has taken many of the same songs, economized on the production, and come up with great stuff. Furthermore, the songs on *This is What You Want...* that Levene did not co-write are just plain boring, more evidence that Lydon, fresh out of ideas, is simply trying too hard to create something new.

So let's face it. Public Image Ltd. is, for all intents and purposes, dead. Levene, unquestionably the musical genius behind PIL, says he won't work with Lydon again, and without Lydon's voice, PIL just isn't PIL. Unfortunately for Lydon, PIL without Levene is simply PIL not worth having. If you can find a copy of *Commercial Zone* buy it, it's good. If not avoid *This is What You Want...This is What You Get*. It's not what you want. John Lydon would have you believe that he's laughing. I think he's panicking.

—Mikey Clupper





7 Seconds The Crew

Faster than a speeding bullet...more powerful than a steam locomotive...more fun than a barrel of monkeys...it's...it's...7 Seconds. Who or what is 7 Seconds? They are a band from Reno, Nevada and *The Crew* is their first full sized LP. Yeah, you could call it punk; but this is "thinking man's punk," recorded, mixed and packaged in a manner which is very impressive. And their music gets your blood boiling...FAST.

7 Seconds is not a new band; some of you may remember the opening night of Hardcore 81 when the band, at the time in their teens, virtually blew away the headliners: Black Flag and DOA. They have managed to pack 18 songs onto this disc; all rip-roaring balls-out tunes. Their music is a form of punk rock known to punk aficionados as American hardcore, pioneered by such bands as the now-defunct Minor Threat and Youth Brigade. (Calling it simply "punk" is actually a misnomer, nowadays everything from Wendy O. to Culture Club is called "punk" by the mass media airheads.) American hardcore is characterized by rapid, four-on-the-floor drumming, chainsaw sounding guitars, lack of self-indulgent solos, and vocals not sung; but actually yelled in a speech-like fashion. 7 Seconds' lyrics are mostly concerned with condemning the evils of war, racism, machismo, and drug abuse. Yeah, these guys give a shit. And you thought punks were more interested in slicing themselves up with razor blades or mugging old ladies!

O.K., now that you have a general idea who 7 Seconds are and what they are about, you are probably saying "Big Shit, so what's so great about this LP then." Well, the songs rip, or most of them anyways. I especially liked "Clenched Fists, Black Eyes" for its catchy riffs and bitchen bassline, and "Not Just Boy's Fun," which steps on "macho pigs." My only reservation about the songs is that too many sound remarkably the same. But I guess when you put 18 songs on one record, a few are bound to. The production on this record is first rate, every instrument is clearly audible. The packaging on the record is also very professional, with the well-executed design and striking color scheme on the cover. A nifty lyric sheet is included for those who like to sing along in the shower (make sure you cover it with plastic first, though).

Another pleasing feature about this record is that it was brought out by the Better Youth Organization, a label which was started by some bands in California for the purpose of improving lesser-known alternative bands' chances of getting their music heard. It sure beats stuffy businessmen in 3-piece suits trying to make money off of rock'n'roll.

—Mike Dennis



Sisters The Bluebells

Inside sleeve: envision Bobby, Kenny and Davey in bumper cars, on swings, and just looking oh so popsy-suave. This is a big budget gimmick, which after aurally contributing myself to for as long as I could without carmelizing, struck me as rather uninspired sing-song stuff which could only push its way under the spotlight in this progressive (?) video-dominated age we live in.

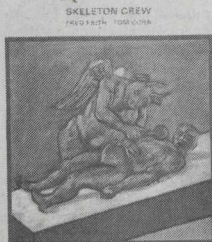
Remember how much fun it used to be to stay up late—I mean REAL late—to catch two minutes of _____ (fill in the name of your fave singing sensation(s)) on Burt Sugarman's Midnight Special, almost invariably hosted by Kool and the Gang? What does this have to do with anything? Quite a bit in actuality. Now I'll try to keep my rantings about how video successfully takes the mystery and excitement out of rock music through overkill...saturation...intravenous...to a minimum. It's come full circle to the point where image is once again vital to recording artists as well as recording non-artists. A throwback to the days of the Zombies, whose chess game we were made to salivate over, and, of course, the overly huggable and squeezable Davy Jones who would never go parking with your sister.

Maybe you've seen The Bluebell's "Young at Heart" video, fraught with Fun, the teenage wholesome kind, not to mention a band member who looks like a Monkee sans touque. Good marketing and timing, boys. Long term success? No way. Meantime: quasi-decent poptooooooooonz to share a soda by. (NO BACKWASHING!)

—Girl Caster

Skeleton Crew Learn To Talk Tse Tse Force Scar Of Youth

Learn to Talk and Scar of Youth are records.



LEARN TO TALK

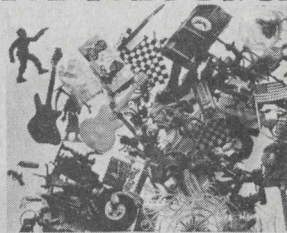
In many respects they are just like most other records. They are both black and they are both made from a synthetic compound commonly known as vinyl. They are round, they are flat and they are approximately 12" in diameter. They both have two grooves cut into their surfaces, one on each side, and they both have two small holes in the centre, one on each side. They are packaged in cardboard envelopes measuring approximately 12" x 12" which is adorned by two-dimensional designs and a collection of symbols chosen and arranged in such a manner so as to convey a certain meaning to the reader. They are inedible.

When these records are coupled with a machine capable of transforming kinetic energy, in the form of friction, into an audible signal that the human auditory senses are able to understand we have, what is loosely termed, music (this statement is open to discussion). The experience is supposed to be pleasurable, but it is at this point, however, that the concept sometimes runs into trouble and unfortunately the tendency is that it does rather than it does not.

Anybody can make a record; it just takes a bit of time and a lot of cash. But to make a good record there are a number of indefinable qualities needed, and of the two records in question *Skeleton Crew (Learn To Talk)* appear to have them, but *Tse Tse Force (Scar of Youth)* undoubtedly do not. I suppose one out of two isn't bad.

Tse Tse Force are a Seattle group consisting of two chaps and two chappesses. They have the usual two guitars, bass and drums format and they produce the usual stylus fodder indicative of today's "contemporary/progressive" musicians. There is nothing different here and there

TSE TSE FORCE



SCAR OF YOUTH.

are a whole host of groups who do the same thing about a thousand times better at a PC estimate.

Fortunately, *Scar of Youth* is only a 6-track mini-album, even so I was ready to call it a day after the first two. After enduring the remaining four tracks I could see the relevance of their name. Just as surely as the tsetse fly will induce sleeping sickness in its victims, *Tse Tse Force* had a similarly soporific effect on this hapless scribe.

The songs invariably start slowly and quietly with a lame melody hacked out on one of the guitars or with a vocal line that bears more than a passing resemblance to some of Siouxsie Sioux vocal inflections (when it's the turn of the female half of the singing team). Then the drums come in, after a couple of bars, and the songs build up into an awesome "wall of sound," although this wall is more reminiscent of a picket fence than one of bricks and mortar. The songs continue for another two or three minutes and then end suddenly and that's it. It happens six times and that is six times too many.

Imagine, if you will, Gang of Four without the Gang, Siouxsie and Banshees without the Banshees, Joy Division without the Joy and New

Order without the New and you have Tse Tse Force and all that the name implies.

Skeleton Crew are a different kettle of piranha. Skeleton Crew are Fred Frith and Tom Cora. Skeleton Crew have produced a long-playing record called *Learn to Talk*. Skeleton Crew are a pleasurable experience. Things are as they should be.

Learn to Talk is a marvellous jumble of styles, rhythms and sounds sometimes cacophonous, sometimes polyphonous, always interesting. If you're the type of person who likes to turn to the back of the album cover to see which make and model of synthesizer they used then I'm afraid you're out of luck. Cellos, homemade drums, homemade basses, pianos, violins and "contraptions" have a habit of remaining anonymous. Skeleton Crew do make liberal use of modern technology but the emphasis is on the technology being used by the musician rather than the other way around. There is no horn section.

The LP's twelve tracks range from an arrangement of Sousa's Washington Post to an arrangement of traditional Ecuadorian folk-song ("Los Lolitos") to a fast and furious "pop" song with a great chorus ("It's Fine"), to a rhythmic little ditty with a guitar riff that King Sunny Ade would have been proud of ("Zach's Flag").

This record is fun, in a Residential sort of way, and you get the impression that it's not meant to be taken entirely seriously. The production is thoughtfully understated and the little mistakes that have been left in are endearing rather than tiresome. The overall effect is a refreshingly diverse album that has remembered that music should be entertaining, unpredictable, amusing and unpretentious. I would think that Tom Cora and Fred Frith had a lot of fun making this record — I know I had a lot of listening to it.

—Richard Putler

STEVEN BROWN

Steven Brown Music For Solo Piano (Sex and Sorrow) Another Side 8405

The Players: Steven Brown, piano, clarinet.
Blaine L. Reiniger, violin.

The Story So Far: Steven Brown is born in Illinois. He promptly moves to San Francisco to found Tuxedomoon alongside chum Blaine, Michael Belfer, Paul Zahl, and notorious S.F. performance artist Winston Tong. The year is 1979. The group released two EPs and goes on to fame and fortune recording for S.F.'s prestigious Ralph Records. Well, perhaps not enough fame and fortune. After undergoing a minor personnel change, producing two superb LPs with Ralph, and being responsible for many people claiming to have been saved at their live performances (two occurring in Vancouver), the group decides that the

majority of football and Van Halen loving Americans are not ready to embrace their rather peculiar blend of sardonic humour, atmospheric electronics, and twisted pop approach. So, it's off to Brussels in '82. There must be someplace else to live, they haven't found it yet.

Setting: Underneath grey Belgian skies, the ground is slick and wet. We are sitting at a Brussels cafe, sipping cappuccino with slow deliberation.

Krakenbus: Well, it's not exactly uptempo, or for that matter solo piano.

Duvelhond: I don't care, I'm overwhelmed, though I can understand why he looks so glum. Besides, you well know my infatuation with atmospherics, and, of course, his alma mater, Tuxedomoon.

Krakenbus: Does this guy think he's a mid-life European?

Duvelhond: Hardly. I just think the "European experience" has left him rather shocked and disillusioned.

Krakenbus: It's clear he's been affected by alien traditions. Good to hear someone bring stylistic echoes of Debussy, Bartok and Schoenberg to a presumably uninitiated audience; not that I'm putting him in their league...

Duvelhond: The hints were there. Tuxedomoon doing the score to Bejart's ballet *Divine* told us of a more serious direction. But the incessant references to Greta Garbo, including excerpts of film dialogue made sure tongues were kept firmly in check.

Krakenbus: Sex and Sorrow might have been a Woody Allen title; but this isn't comedy. Brown's music is directly romantic and pretty. Mind you, it's not Mantovanni; melodic in

cont. p. 28

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contemporary terms, but not syrupy.

Duvelhond: I think it's just that he hasn't been laid in a while. That can do it to a fellow, y'know. You get all somber and introspective.

Krakenbus: Ah, the classic themes...Sex and Death.

Duvelhond: Death? I thought it was sorrow. Oh, I guess that comes afterwards...or before. Say, the two are related, aren't they?

Krakenbus: The distant sound of the album suggests a nostalgia for times past. Even the cover is patterned after Deutsche Gramophon classical releases of 25 years ago.

Duvelhond: That's funny. Quite removed from the Tuxedomoon cover art of the past few years. Patrick Roques used to be satisfied with futuristic, trendy cubes, lines, and swirls. Since there are no covering notes, he may intend this one to be a spoof. Oh sorry, you see Patrick used to do a lot of graphic work for the band.

Krakenbus: Nice Record.

Duvelhond: Beautiful record!

Krakenbus: Hmmm.

Duvelhond: Hmmm. Garçon! Two Cafe au lait, s'il vous plait. Oh, and one for Mr. Mxyzptlk as well.

—Paris Simons
Mark Mushet



LENNY
KAYE
CONNECTION
I'VE GOT
A RIGHT

Lenny Kaye Connection I've Got A Right

I've Got A Right is the first solo album by Lenny Kaye. You remember Lenny Kaye don't you? Guitarist with the Patti Smith Group, former rock columnist under the name "Doc Rock." This guy's a New York legend (sorta), he's been around. He's worked as both musician and media. He understands the biz and now he's put out a record.

So you'd think that with the credentials Lenny has that this would be a top flight record, right? I mean, he recorded it over three years, 1981-84 and he's got Jim Carroll helping him out on a couple of tracks. He's had time to think, to write, should be some great tunes here. Too bad there aren't.

Actually, it's not a horribly bad record, more like a sub-mediocre record. Thin is also a good word for it. After hearing it a few times boredom sets in and it's filed to the back of the pile.

The problem seems to be that Lenny can't decide if he wants to be romantic poet or intelligent rocker. When he goes for the rock the album almost seems to work as on the title cut when Lenny takes a swipe at some of the Moral Majority types.

But, and it's a big but, as a romantic poet he makes the guys who write the verses in greeting cards look like geniuses. The worst examples are

contained in the longest song on the album, *As I Make Love*.

*"I take a walk upon the ocean
Inside the belly of emotion"*

Lenny croons then goes on to add,

*"I kneel beside you in the gravel
Across a space never travelled
While rope and hopes unravel
As I make love to you."*

A nice sentiment perhaps, but a song more appropriate for Tom Jones or Julio Iglesias.

The only track which really stands out is "Still Life" which happens to have been co-written by Jim Carroll. Although the lyrics for this one aren't included, the song has an interesting synth hook which sticks in your head and wouldn't be out of place on today's AM radio.

In retrospect the whole album seems almost geared for AM radio. Pleasant little pop ditties mostly with innocuous lyrics. Production is thin with the guitars mixed down and the vocals up front. Remember early to mid 70's pop songs? Well, that's the sort of production we're looking at here.

The back of the album has a picture of a happy Lenny with his wife/girlfriend/lover and I presume their baby. Lenny looks quite content in family bliss which is nice because if he keeps pumping out albums like this he won't have much else to be happy about.

—Dean Pelkey



Palais Schaumburg Parlez-Vous Schaumburg

The changes which some groups undergo during the course of their musical careers provide a wealth of speculation for the listener who follows them closely from the beginning to the zenith of their success (or nadir, as the case may be).

Palais Schaumburg started off as a "silly German group having lots and lots of fun." Several very eclectic singles, including "Telefon" and "Rote Lichte" preceded the release of their first album, untitled, in 1981. The music was zany, fun, bouncy—combining progressive jazz, nonsensical lyrics and a variety of sounds ranging from treated brass, synthesizers & raw white noise all the way to penny whistles. Shortly after their first album release, Holger Hiller left the group to work on his own. His own efforts have had some success. He was involved with Pyrolator in the production of their Ausland LP and his first solo album was released earlier this year. It shows the same innovation & irreverence to everything that came to be expected from the original group.

Palais Schaumburg, on the other hand, became quite a different group without Hiller. Their second album, *Lupa*, had none of the panache of their earlier material. Hiller's off-key and slightly hysterical vocals were replaced by a more even, full voice. The lyrics were not as silly and the material in general had more depth

and organization. The release of the Hockey single last year saw limited success among those who appreciate "cute" music, but if anyone actually went out and bought it, the odds are pretty high that the flip side, which has some very interesting quasi-big-band jazz, received a single hearing before being shelved away in the dust along with the Go Gos, the B-52s, and all the other FUN bands.

Palais Schaumburg is still a lot of fun, as their new album, *Parlez-vous Schaumburg*? makes fairly obvious. It's also a lot more than just fun once it has been heard a few times. The new vocals suit the group's new style more than Hiller could ever have managed. The sound has expanded—almost to the point of sounding symphonic. Added background vocals and a superb engineering job complete the picture of the new Palais Schaumburg...adaptable and at times quite powerful while still remaining fairly accessible. The new accessibility is quite intentional. The group is pushing for a larger share of the British-North American market by changing to English lyrics and acquiring a more listenable stance. Hopefully they will be successful, because they are doing it with an incredible amount of style and class.

Certainly such cuts as "Beat of 2" will merit a few good fox-trots at the local dance parlours, sandwiched amid the current plethora of DMX and mindless electro-funk—providing they're well-hidden. However, even this song is far too intelligent to be tolerated in such an irrelevant atmosphere and should therefore not be wasted. Other cuts such as "What's the Time" will stand up to a fair amount of listening simply because there is so much in them to hear. It is not often that a group can gain commercial success without sacrificing a certain amount of integrity due to a lack of musical depth. If Parlez-vous Schaumburg is any indication of this group's potential, this situation is not likely to occur.

—Larry Thiessen



Chains of Hell Orchestra One Bad Trip

The woman in the black sedan promised me a lost weekend, and she wasn't kidding. I lost my wallet, car keys, and my Pavarotti World Tour jacket. To make matters worse, most of the weekend is a blank, and all I remember is waking up on the floor of a monastery near Haney, with fifty screaming monks attempting to burn me in effigy.

Now the obvious questions here are: what is a lost weekend, why did I go on one, and what does it all have to do with anything? Well first off, I don't know what a lost weekend is, but when a Catherine Deneuve clone, dressed in a feminine version of a Road Warrior costume and armed with a serrated backscratcher, offers you

one, you accept. Or at least in my case you accept. You also naively ignore the woman's suspicious activities, turning a blind eye to the fact that the woman is driving a rebuilt hearse loaded down with blood transfusion equipment, and that the reading matter in her glove compartment includes "The Pharmacists Guide to Prescription Drugs," and "Tortures of the Spanish Inquisition." Needless to say, my lost weekend was one bad trip. However, it was not as bad as the Seattle-based Chains of Hell Orchestra's ep *One Bad Trip*.

CHO's ep is composed of four songs, including a French version of Creedence Clearwater Revival's "Born on the Bayou." Which, to my addled brain, sounded better when slowed down to 33 1/3. All the other three cuts, "Big Hands," "Over the Wall," and "One Bad Trip" all seemed to have the same intro. An intro which strangely enough reminded me of the intro, performed by the USC marching band, to the Fleetwood Mac tune Tusk. This is to say that these three songs all have a monotonous droning, similar to the pounding that rushes through one's head when one finds themselves lying face down on the floor of a stranger's house, 7 a.m. Sunday morning.

So, what does it all mean? Well, if given the choice between listening to CHO's *One Bad Trip*, or facing fifty crazed monks who have all relinquished their vows of silence in order to hurl abuse in my direction, I'd take the monks.

—Jerome Broadway

Bewitched

Andy Summers & Robert Fripp

"Bewitched is an upbeat, colourful expansion

of the unique sound that has emerged from Summers and Fripp in the past. There's a synergy in the playing that charges the record with undeniable power whether they're laying down a dance groove or painting melodies with the haunting qualities of a dream." (Excerpt from an A&M press release)

Bizarre as it may sound, sometimes studio press releases concerning brand new albums



are not just so much bilge. Occasionally, situations do arise when the quality of a record product is up to the pretentious drivel which is being used to promote it. Such is the case with *Bewitched*, the second Andy Summers & Robert Fripp collaboration.

In case you've been dead for the past few years and you're not aware, Andy Summers is the guitarist from the Police, and Robert Fripp is the founding guitarist from King Crimson. Both are widely renowned as guitar Gods, axe magicians, innovators and virtuosos.

"So what," you say, "the important thing is not how fast one plays his instrument, or how 'difficult'

the piece is he's playing. What matters is the relative listenability of the final product. Technique is for dinosaurs. It's got nothing to do with good music."

Agreed. That's the point I'm trying to make. *Bewitched* is like the press release says: a tasteful blend of atmospheric, sturdy rhythm and hot guitars. Unlike Fripp and Summers' previous collaboration in 1982's *I Advance Masked* which was strictly a two man effort, this one involves a full backing band: two bass players, a drummer, a percussionist and a saxophonist. Where *I Advance Masked* has the tendency to sound a bit much like a randomly chosen selection of outtakes from a virtuoso jam session, *Bewitched* truly clicks as a coherent forty minute piece well worth paying money for.

The album starts out fast and upbeat with a short piece called "Parade" and then slowly—and I do stress slowly—winds itself down so that by the last three cuts on side two, it's slipped into an easy and agreeable three o'clock in the morning style ambience.

Bewitched is an enigma for these days: an album which actually makes sense in terms of itself, as opposed to in terms of some lofty and stupid commercial end. Fripp and Summers are two talented musicians who obviously enjoy working together. Their releasing *Bewitched* is a means to sharing the fun. Top marks.

—Phillip Random

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The Roving Ear

The statue of Buddy Holly standing outside the Lubbock Civic Center has turned green since 1980, as bronze statues will. Little else has changed in the four years since Buddy Holly's home town finally saw fit to honor their most famous son. Not even the presence of Bill Griggs, president of the Buddy Holly Memorial Society, has been able to effect any change in the seeming indifference to Holly and his music in this west Texas city of 200,000.

And yet, Holly himself never would have expected to become the international legend that has continued to grow since February, 1959.

Holly was killed in the crash of a light plane that year along with J.P. "The Big Bopper" Richardson and 17-year-old Ritchie Valens. The plane had been chartered by Holly so he and two members of his band, Tommy Alsup and a young Waylon Jennings could avoid another all-night ride in an unheated bus, and get to Fargo, North Dakota in time to launder their stage clothes. Alsup lost his seat to Valens on a coin toss, and Jennings reluctantly gave up his to the Big Bopper, who was already ill with the flu, provided he got the use of the Bopper's down-filled sleeping bag. Holly's parting comment to his good friend Waylon Jennings is supposed to have been something like, "I hope the bus stalls and your feet freeze." (Holly's drummer on the tour, Carl Bunch, was already hospitalized with frostbite.) Jennings' reply to his good friend Buddy Holly—"I hope the damn plane crashes." The plane went down less than 10 minutes after takeoff from Clear Lake, Iowa.

Buddy Holly's recorded legacy continues to grow in popularity. The 1983 release of demo recordings done by Holly and his band in 1956 (pre Crickets) has sold over 300,000 copies in the U.S. alone, and during Buddy Holly week in Lubbock this September gold records were awarded to Holly's widow, his parents, and members of the Crickets for the 1978 LP *20 Golden Greats*. At the same ceremony, Steve Hoffman of MCA Records in L.A. announced the recent discovery of "two to three album's worth" of perfect studio quality demos and alternate takes, as well as several previously unheard masters of cover songs by Holly and the Crickets recorded in Clovis, New Mexico at Norman Petty's studio in 1957 and '58. The first release of this "new" material should be in stores by the spring of '85.

Other news at this year's convention of Buddy Holly fans included word of three movies in the works based on the lives and legends of Eddie Cochran, Richie Valens, and the long overlooked Bobby Fuller of "I Fought The Law" fame. Chip Kinman of Rank & File is said to have been screen tested for the lead in the Eddie Cochran story.

Joe Ely Rocks

Although there was no planned memorial concert at this year's convention, the "Ear" was lucky enough to stumble onto a Lubbock highspot called Fat Dawgs, not far from the campus of Texas Tech.

A \$3 cover got me into an already crowded club that was jumpin' to the sounds of Jesse Taylor and his band. Jesse Taylor is a Lubbock legend that is unknown outside his home town except for his involvement on several Joe Ely albums and tours, but the guy is an amazing blues, rock, country, rockabilly guitar hero of the first degree, and his band that night was like a red hot powder keg of controlled intensity that threatened to explode at any minute.

They worked their way through a solid hour of old blues and rock standards as well as several Fabulous Thunderbirds' tunes that never sounded so good. The second guitarist and pedal steel player were both trading off solo's with Taylor, as was the pint sized dynamo at the piano (not only Jerry Lee can rock a baby grand).

I have never encountered such a performance where the audience was moved to spontaneous standing ovations while solo after rockin' solo was kicked out by this amazing group.

Later in the evening, after a lackluster set by Lubbock's M.T.V. hopefuls, the Nelsons, Taylor reassembled that incredible band with the addition of two fiddle players, and while tuning up, turned to the audience and said, "Let's see if we can get Joe Ely up here and sing a few for us." All hell broke loose at that point, I mean the joint went crazy! The band was totally out of control at this point, and yet still tight, still "together" as though they had played together for years—and they probably had. This was an authentic Texas jam where everybody knew almost by instinct whose turn to solo it was and of course they all knew the songs. Ely's songs were familiar to most because they had all been in his bands at one time or another, and the Buddy Holly songs they played were nothing short of a Lubbock birthrite. Ely is an amazing live performer. Absolutely none of his albums convey the energy of his live show. He put on a 40-minute non-stop display that I've never seen the likes of. Not rockabilly, punkabilly or funk junkabilly, but high energy rock'n'roll, pure and simple. An unforgettable night. Look for Ely to play Vancouver sometime early next year, and don't miss him.

Upcoming Events

Jerry Jerry and the Sons of Rhythm Orchestra will be making their Vancouver debut October 23 and 24th at the Savoy, followed by three nights at the Railway. Also at the Railway in late October for "one night only" will be California's Game Theory. Fans of the 3 O'Clock won't want to miss this band whose second 12" EP was produced by the 3 O'Clock's Michael Querico.

—E.R. Drum

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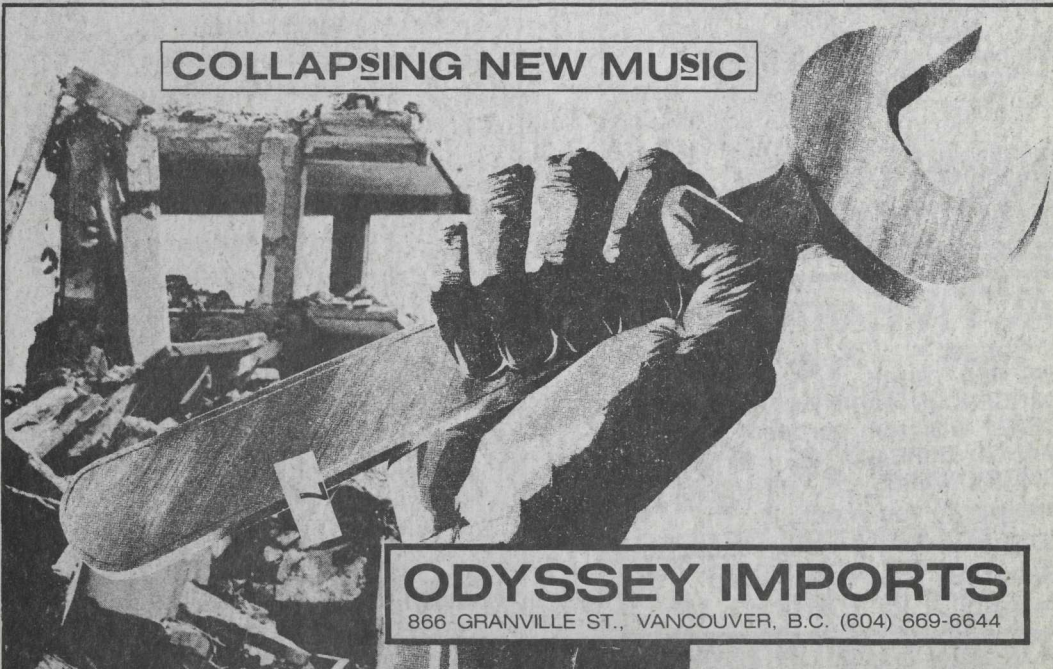
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